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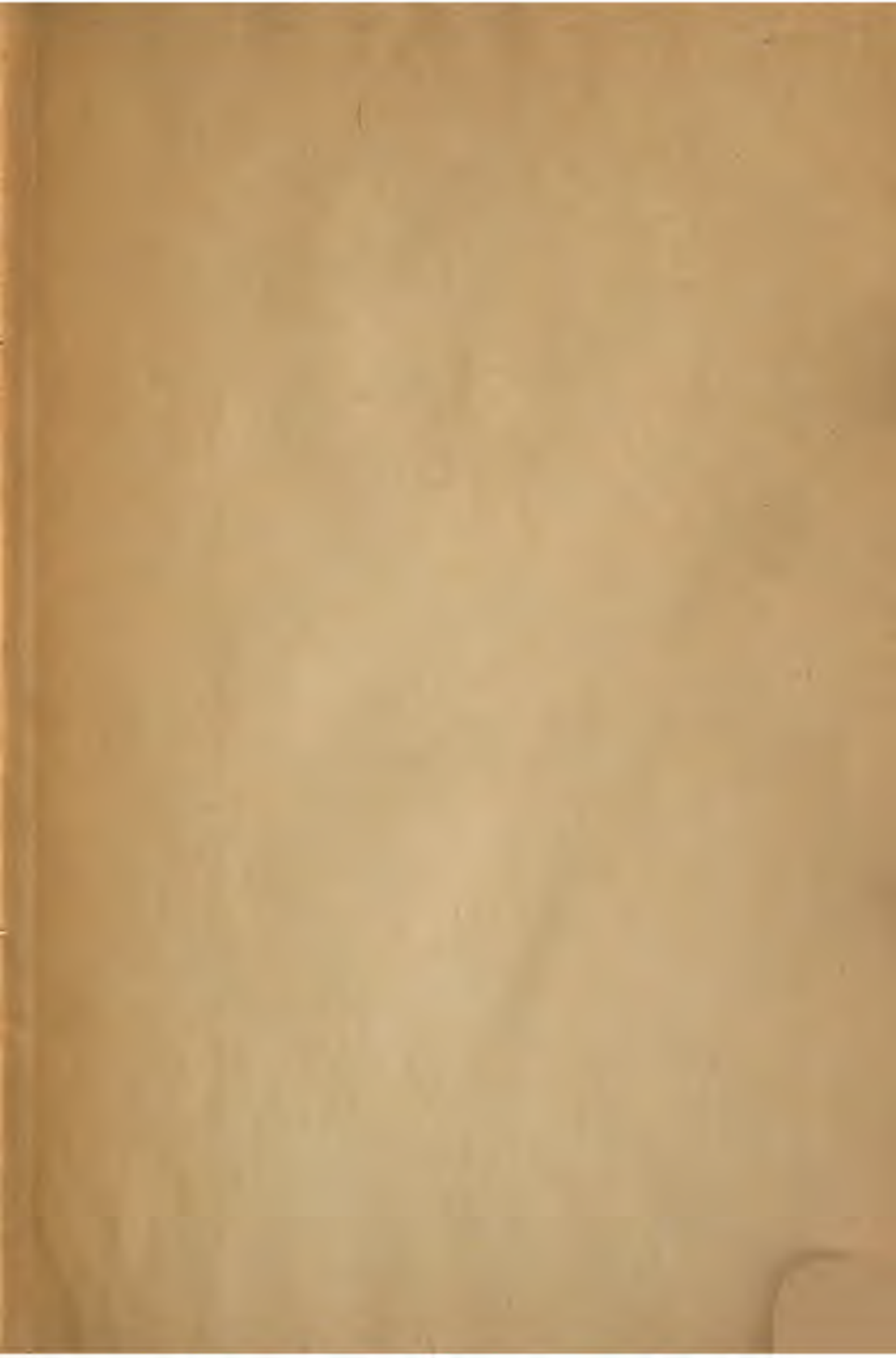
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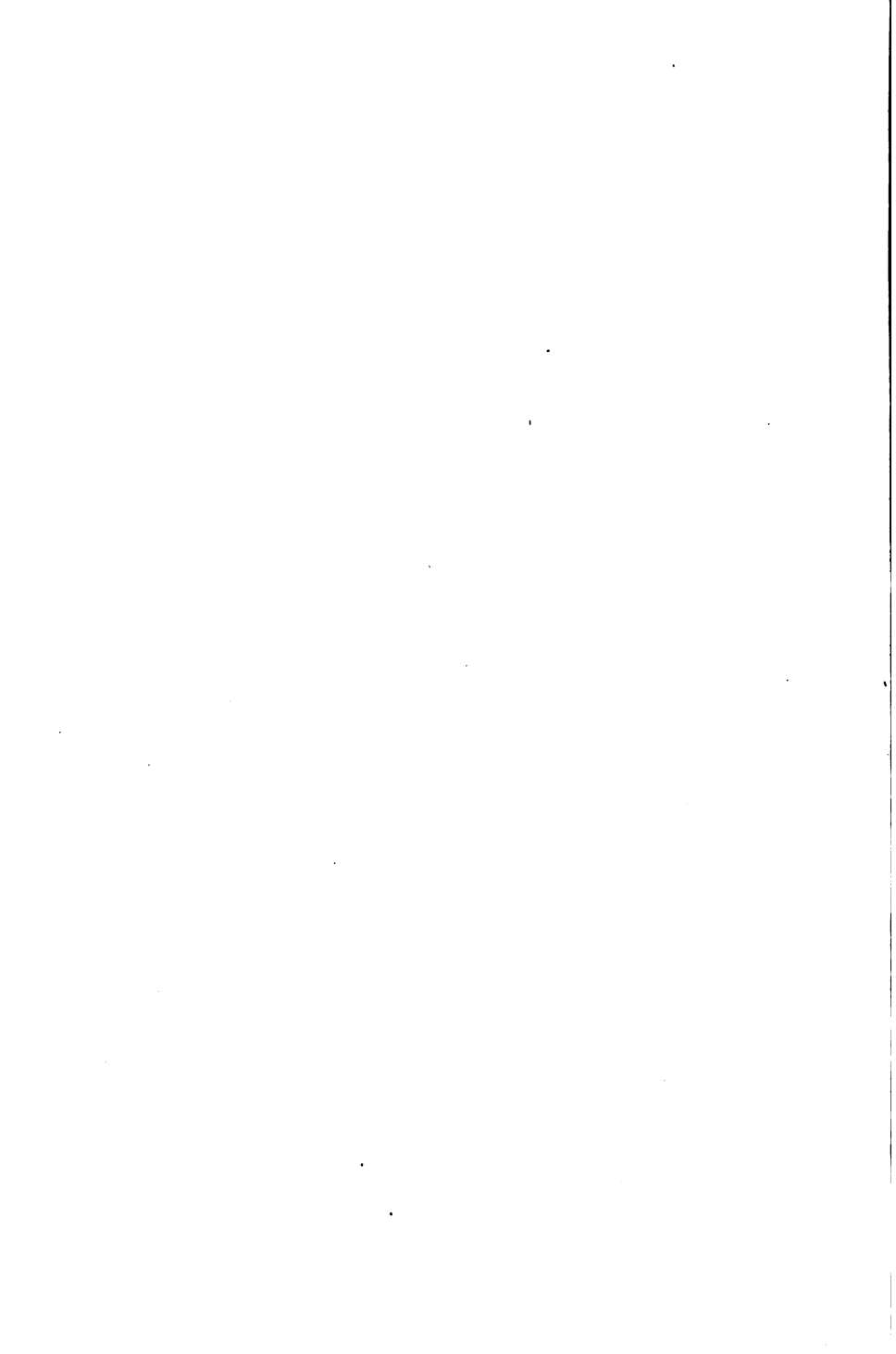
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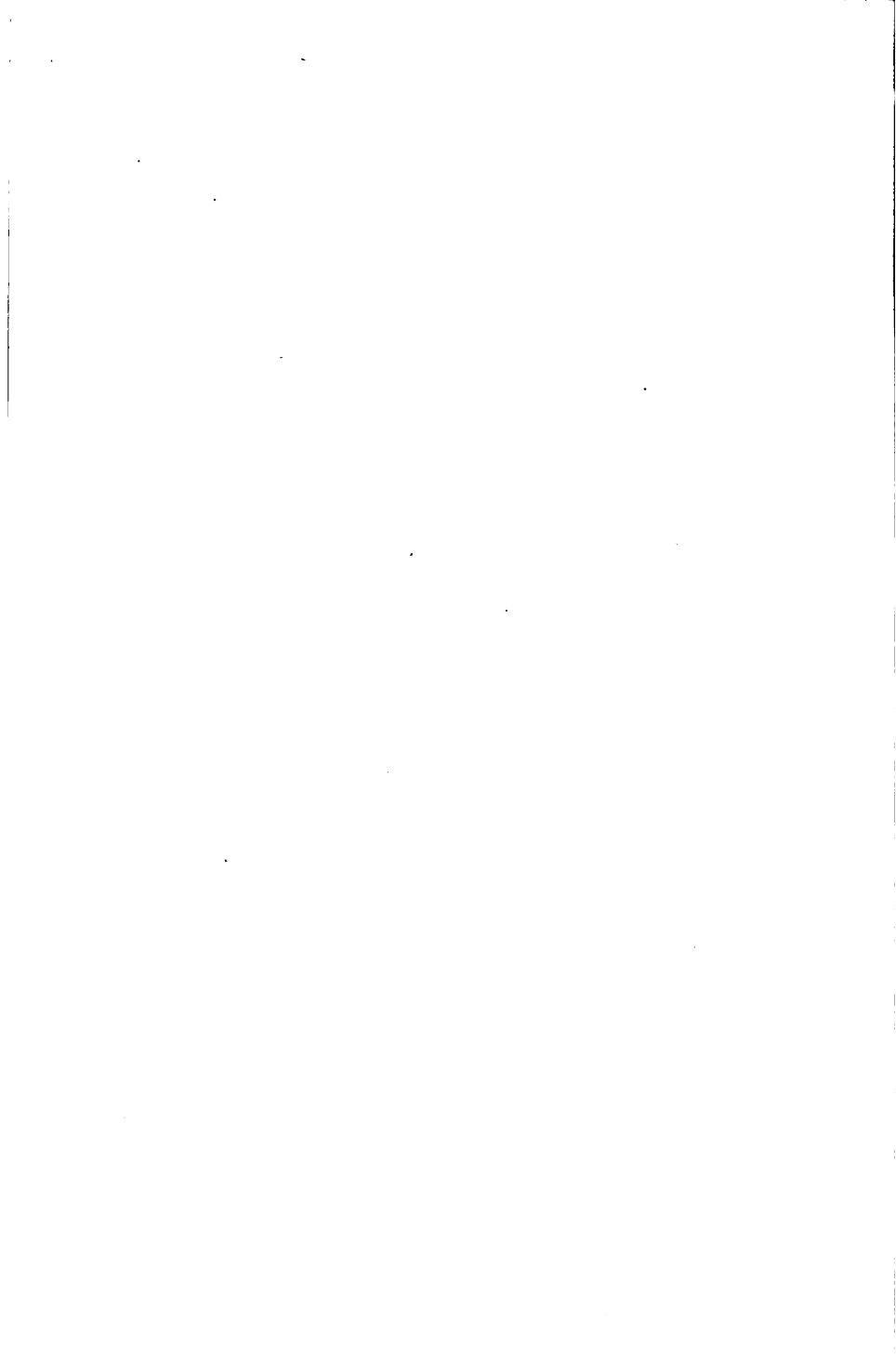
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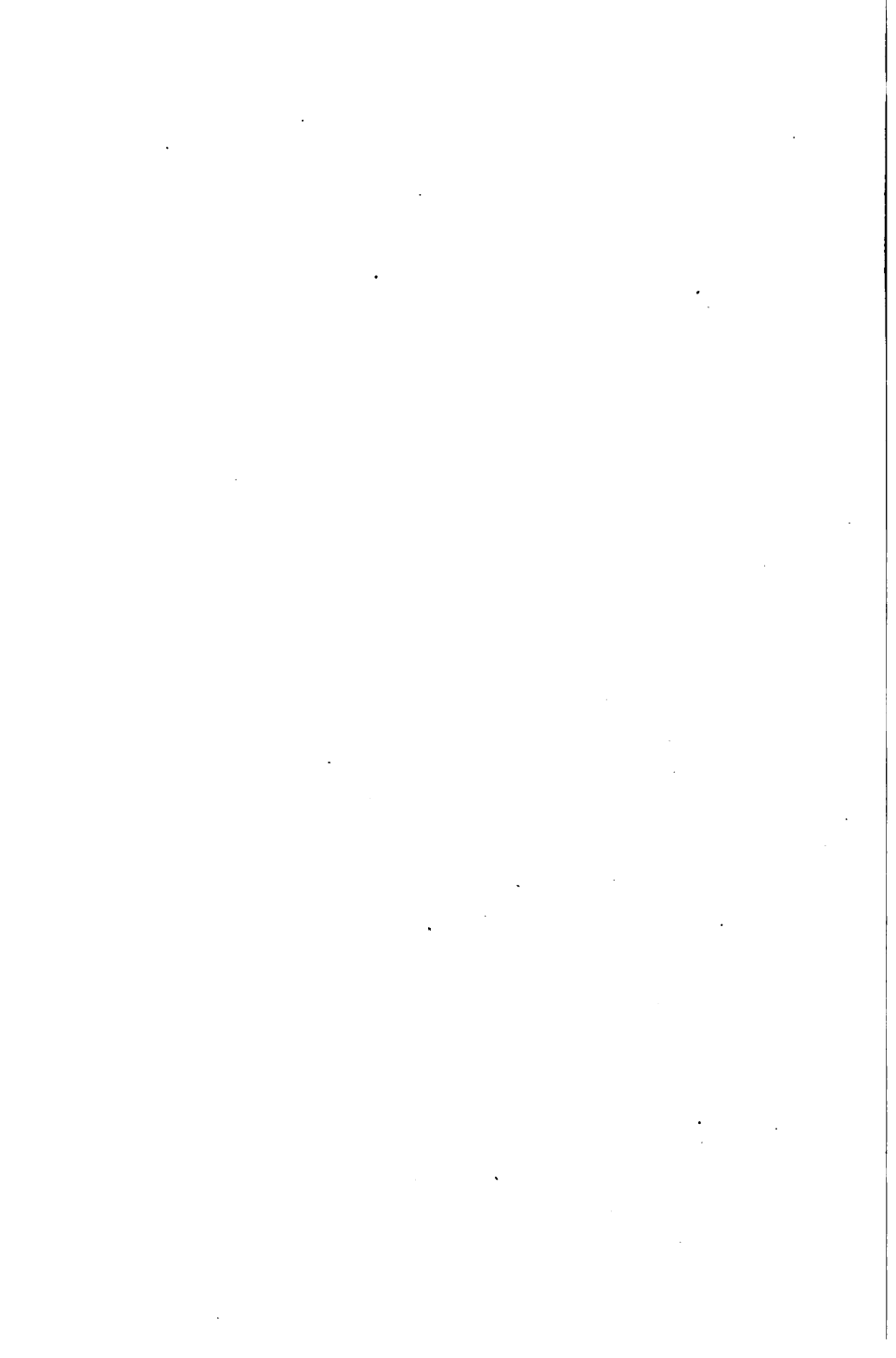






Louie Shan
from Uncle George
Christmas
1856





SONGS OF THE BRAVE.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM,

AND OTHER

POEMS AND ODES.

BY

CAMPBELL, WOLFE, COLLINS, BYRON, TENNYSON,

AND MACKAY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS,
FROM DRAWINGS BY EDWARD DUNCAN, BIRKET FOSTER, GEORGE THOMAS, ETC



LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON & Co. 47, LUDGATE HILL.

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IN HONOR

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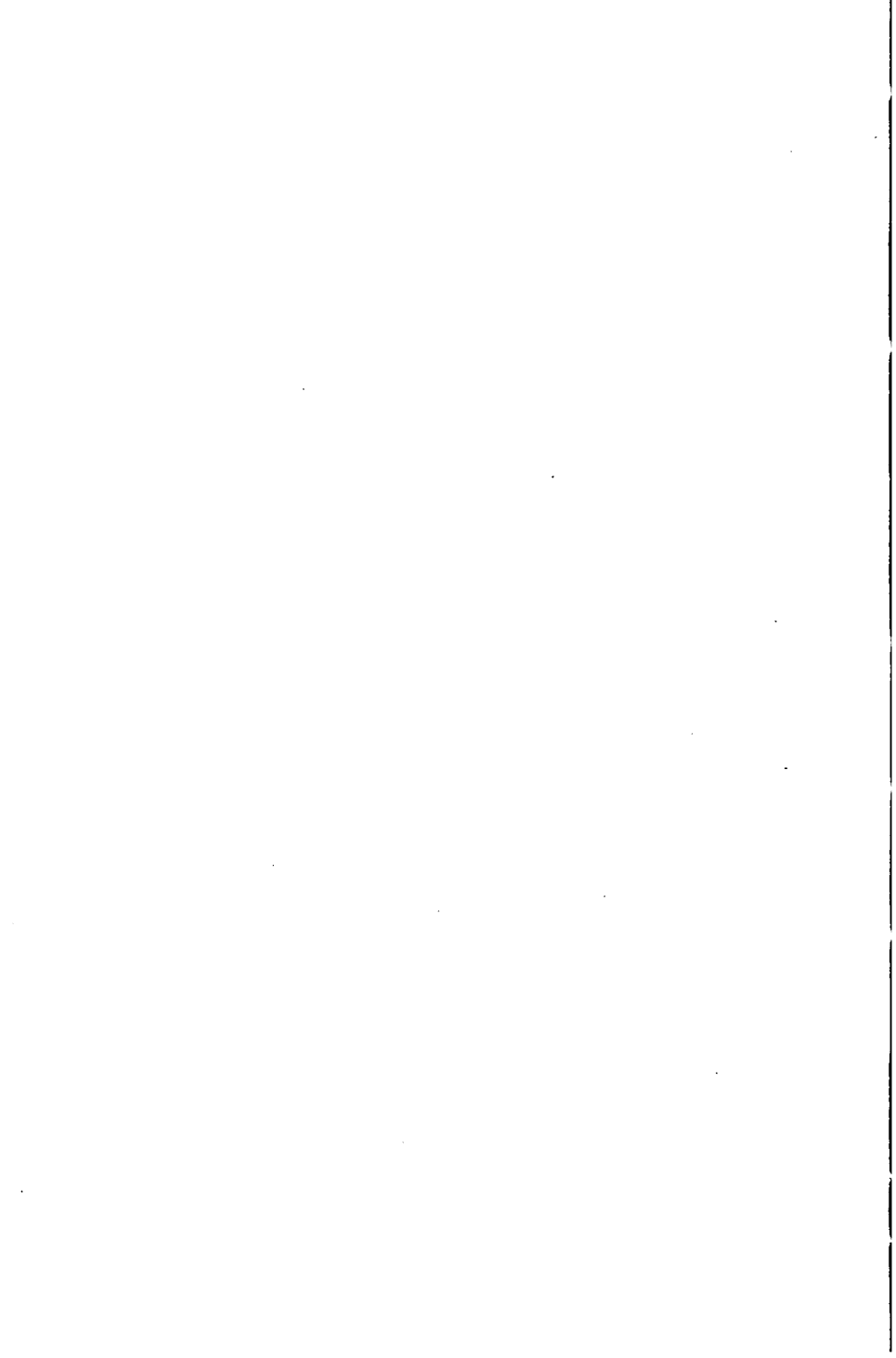
THOSE WHO FOUGHT AND CONQUERED.

In Memory

OF

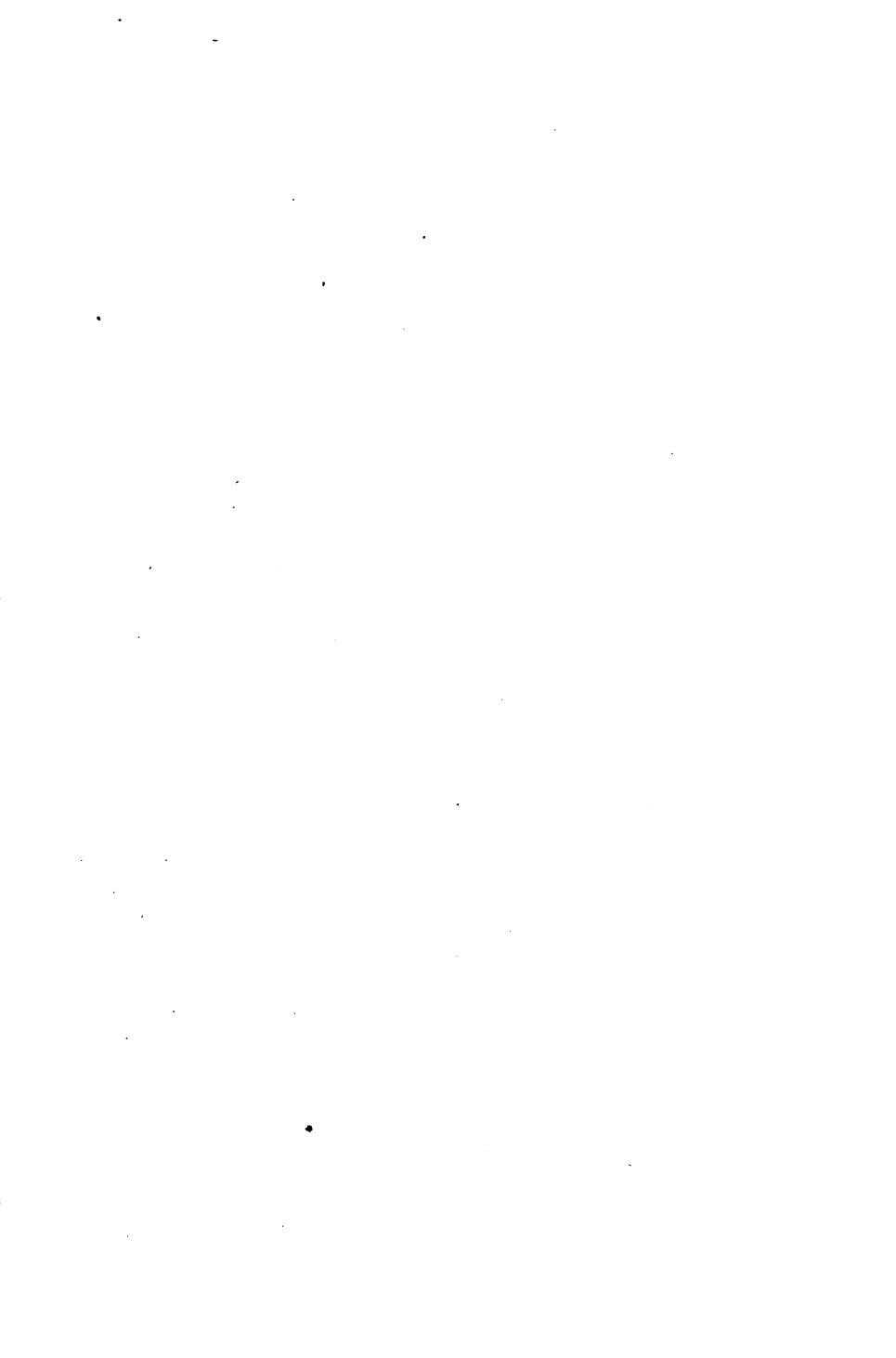
THOSE WHO FELL.

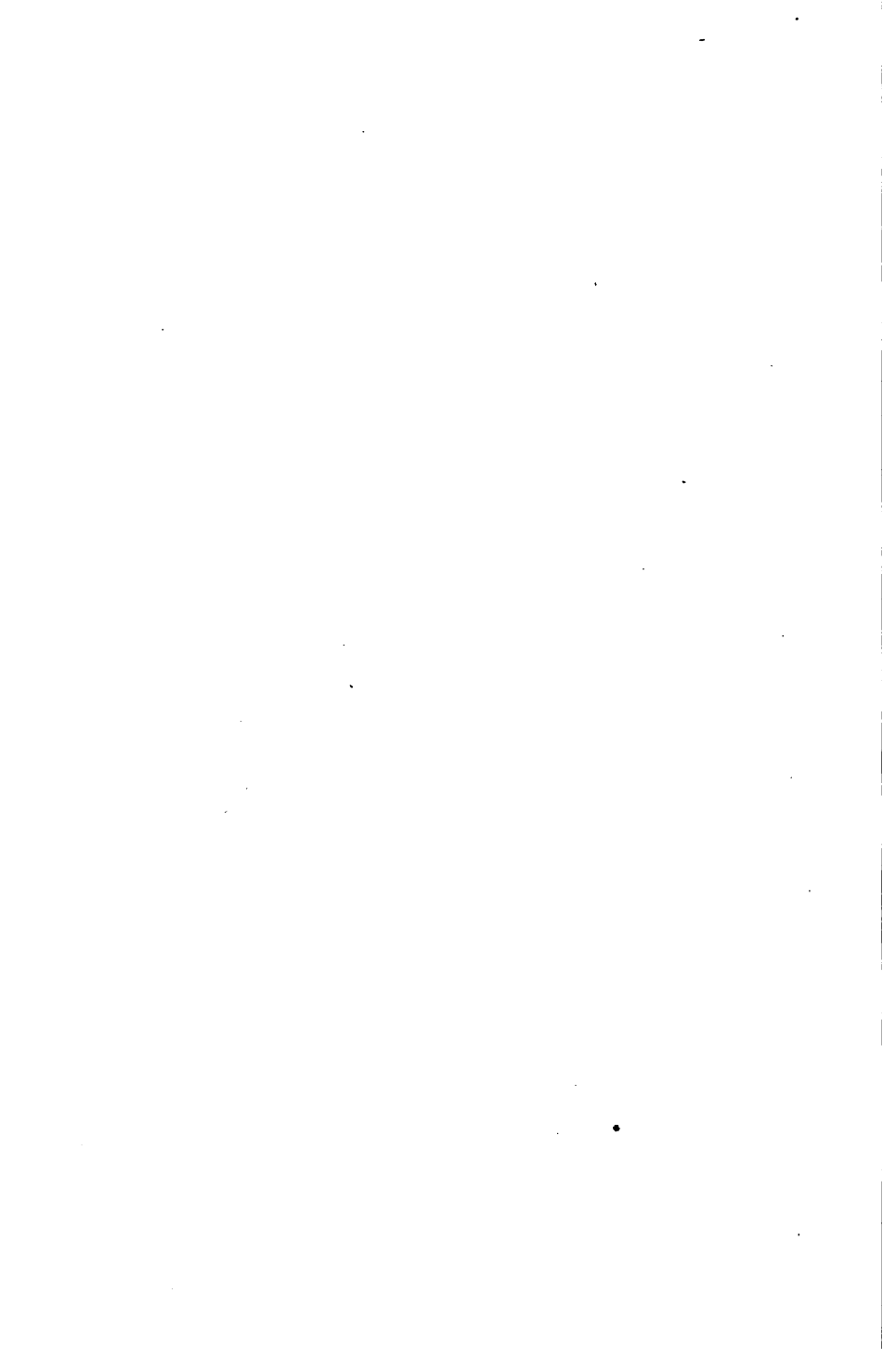






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The HEAD and TAIL PIECES drawn by THOMAS MACQUOID.

Engraved by HORACE HARRAL, EDMUND EVANS, and JAMES COOPER.

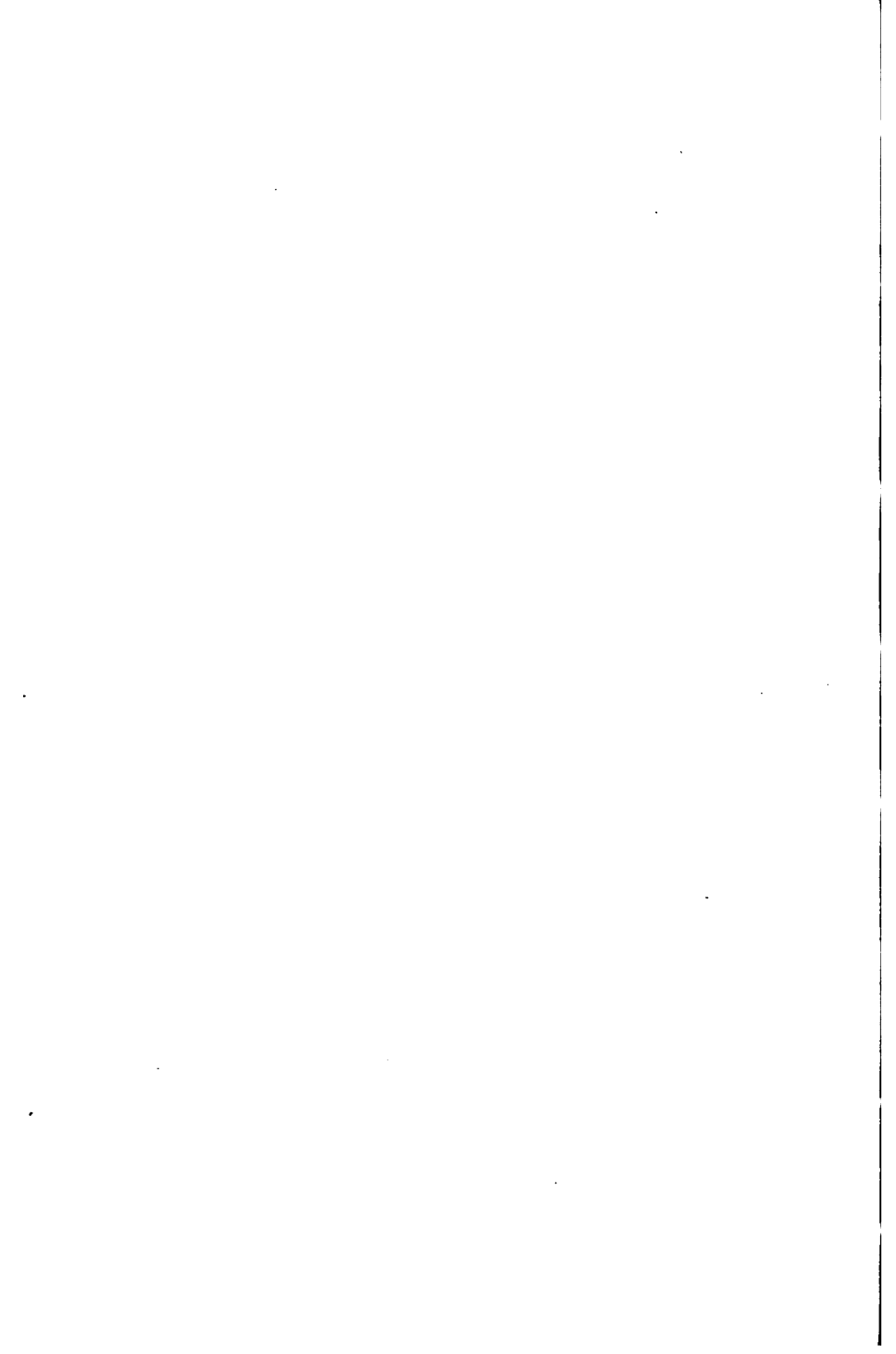




THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.



Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart,

“Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !”
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.



THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;



By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

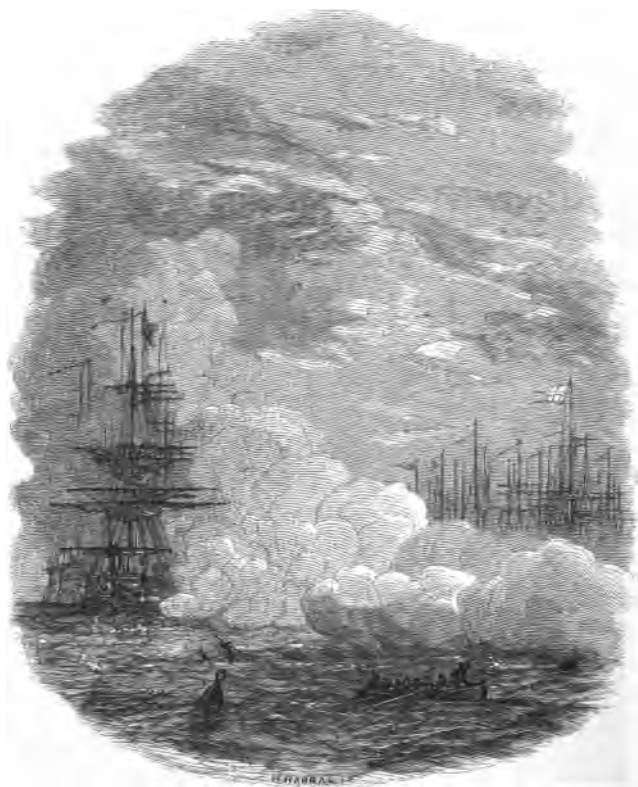
III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak!” our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—

Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.



v.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;



“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England’s feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

VI.

Then Denmark bless’d our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look’d smiling bright
O’er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities’ blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain’s pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !



H. W. W. W.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY THE REV. C. WOLFE.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
c

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

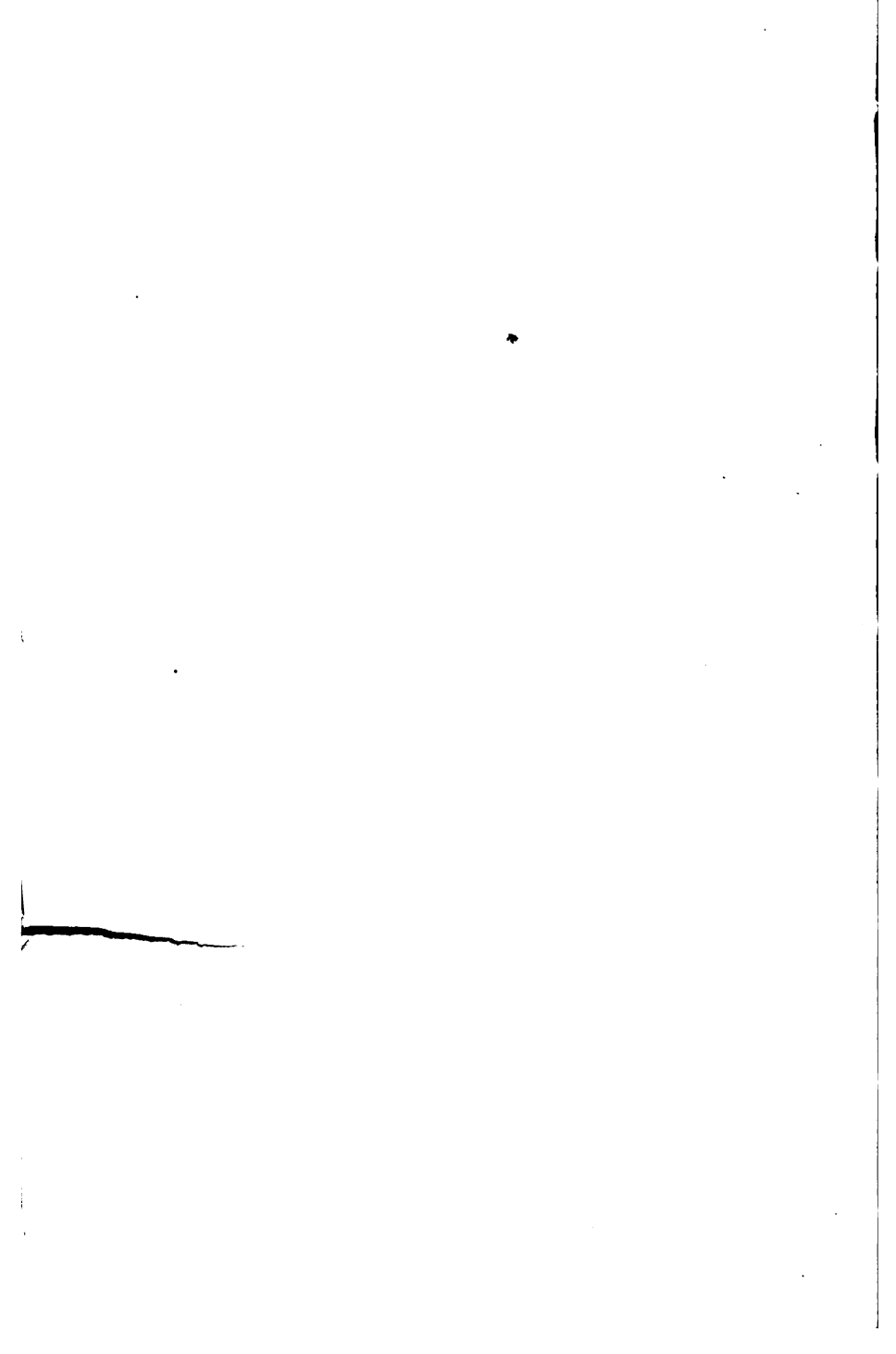
We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.



But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory!





YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

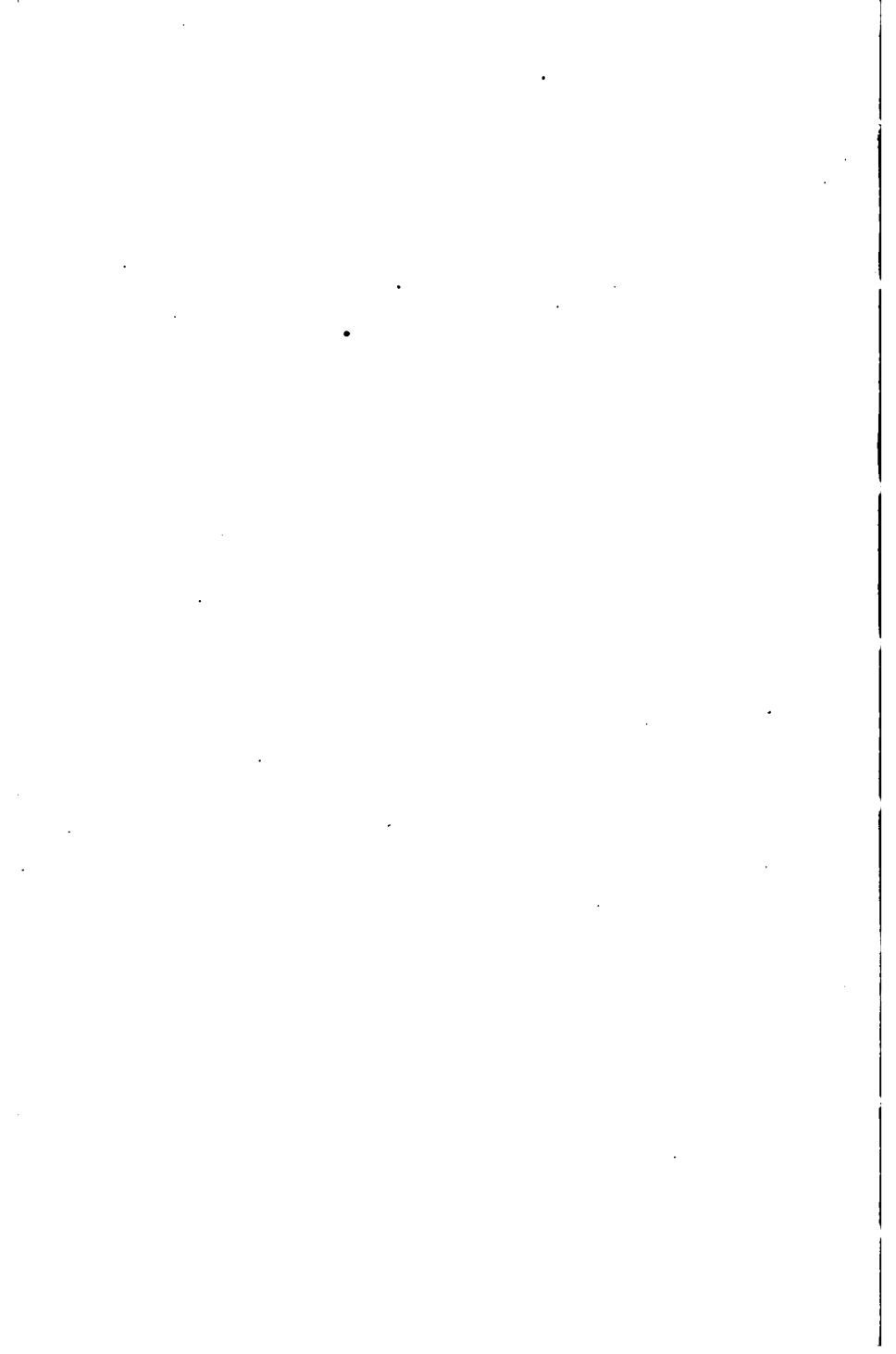
A NAVAL ODE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;





Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !



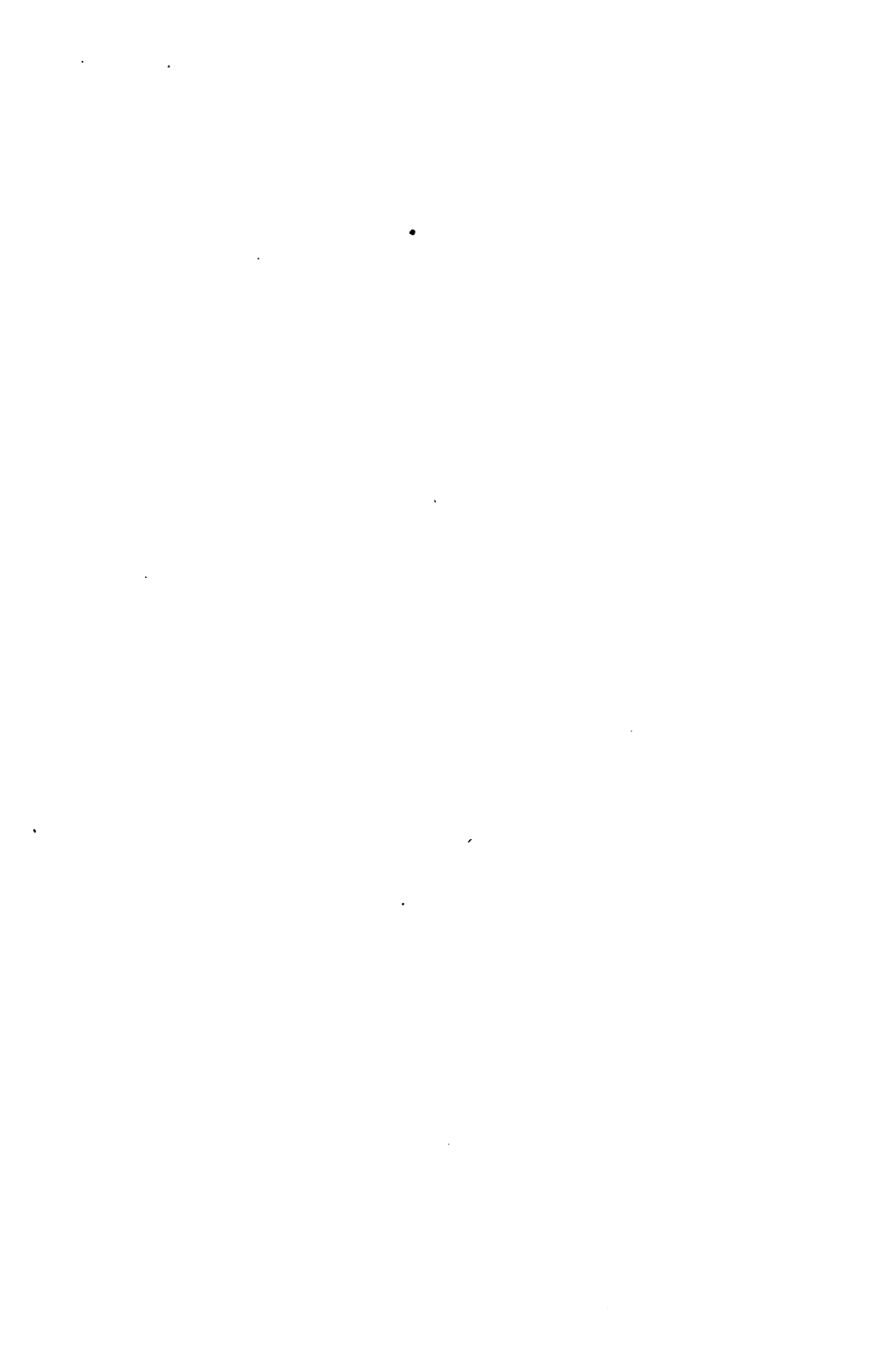
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:



Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.



III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

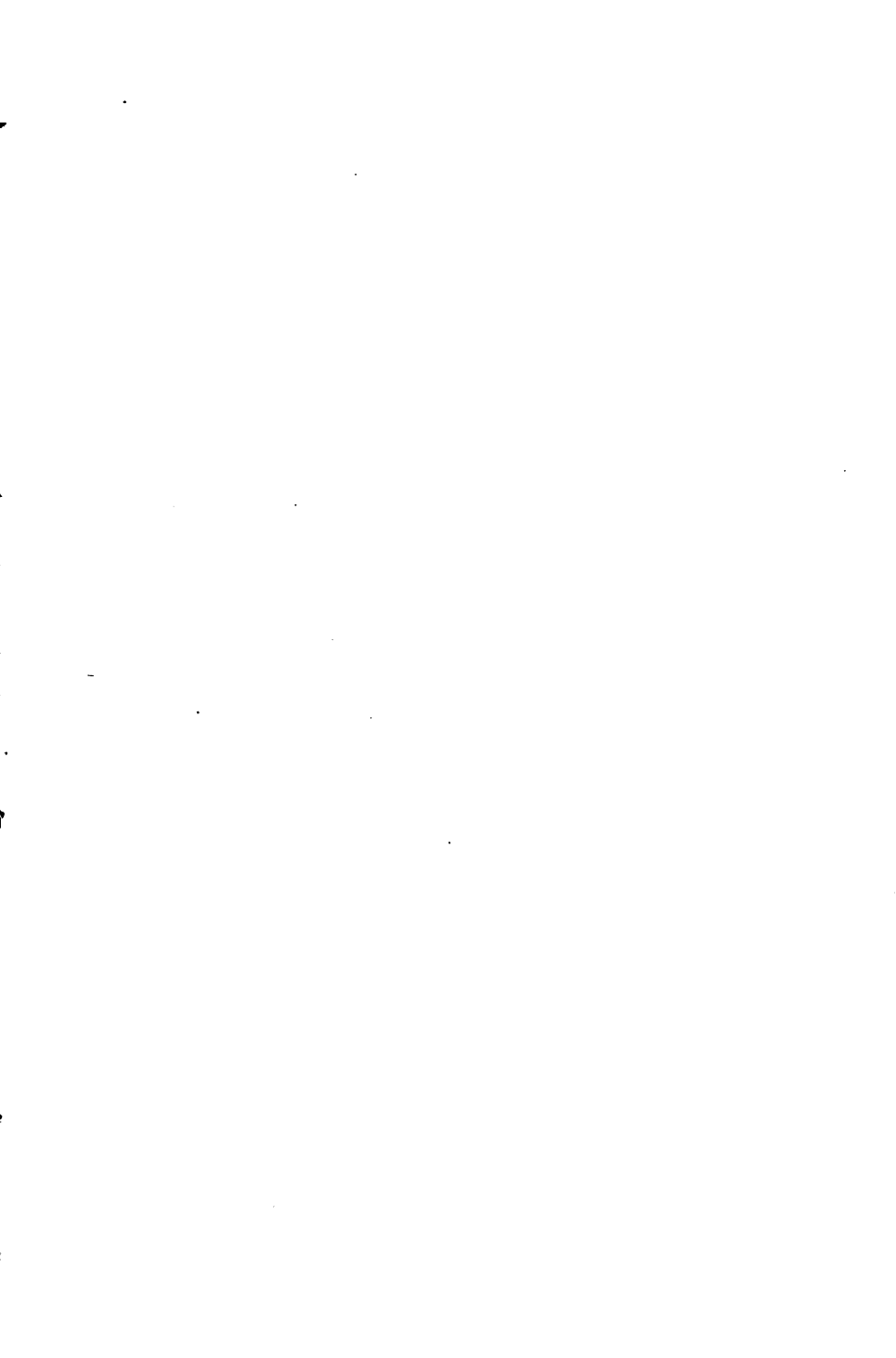


With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the morn of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.







THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

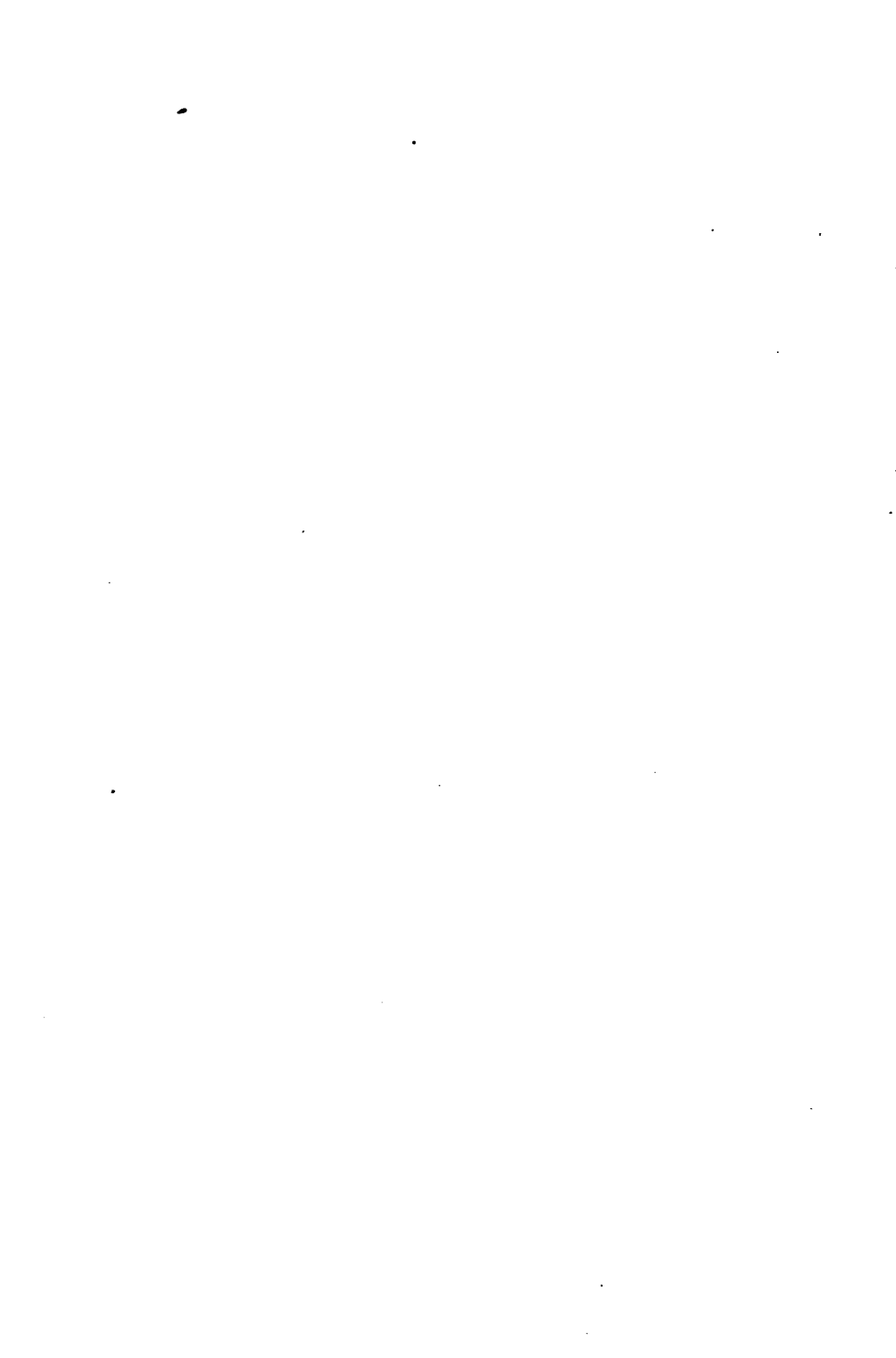
THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

D

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell; •
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell:

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.



Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;



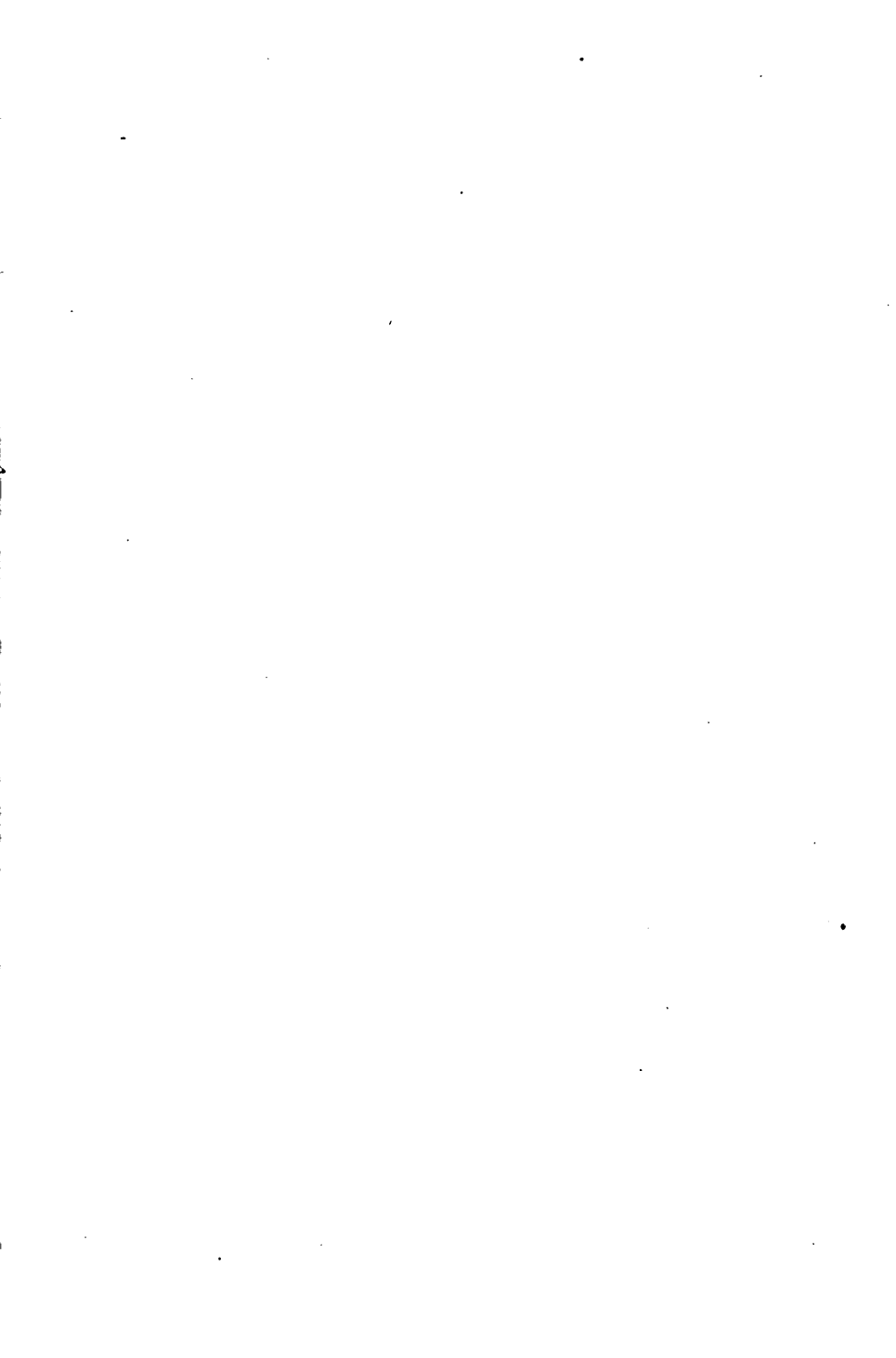
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

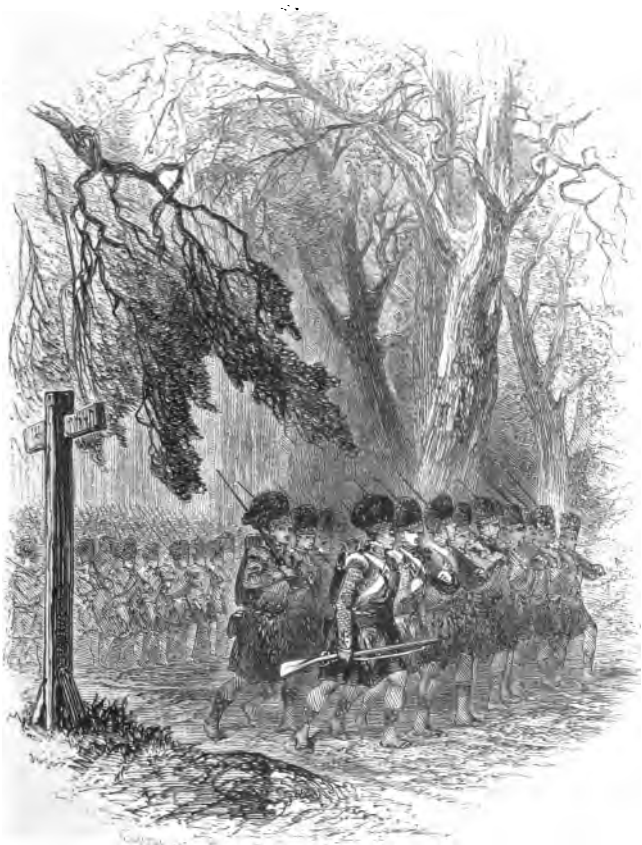
And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They come !
they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !



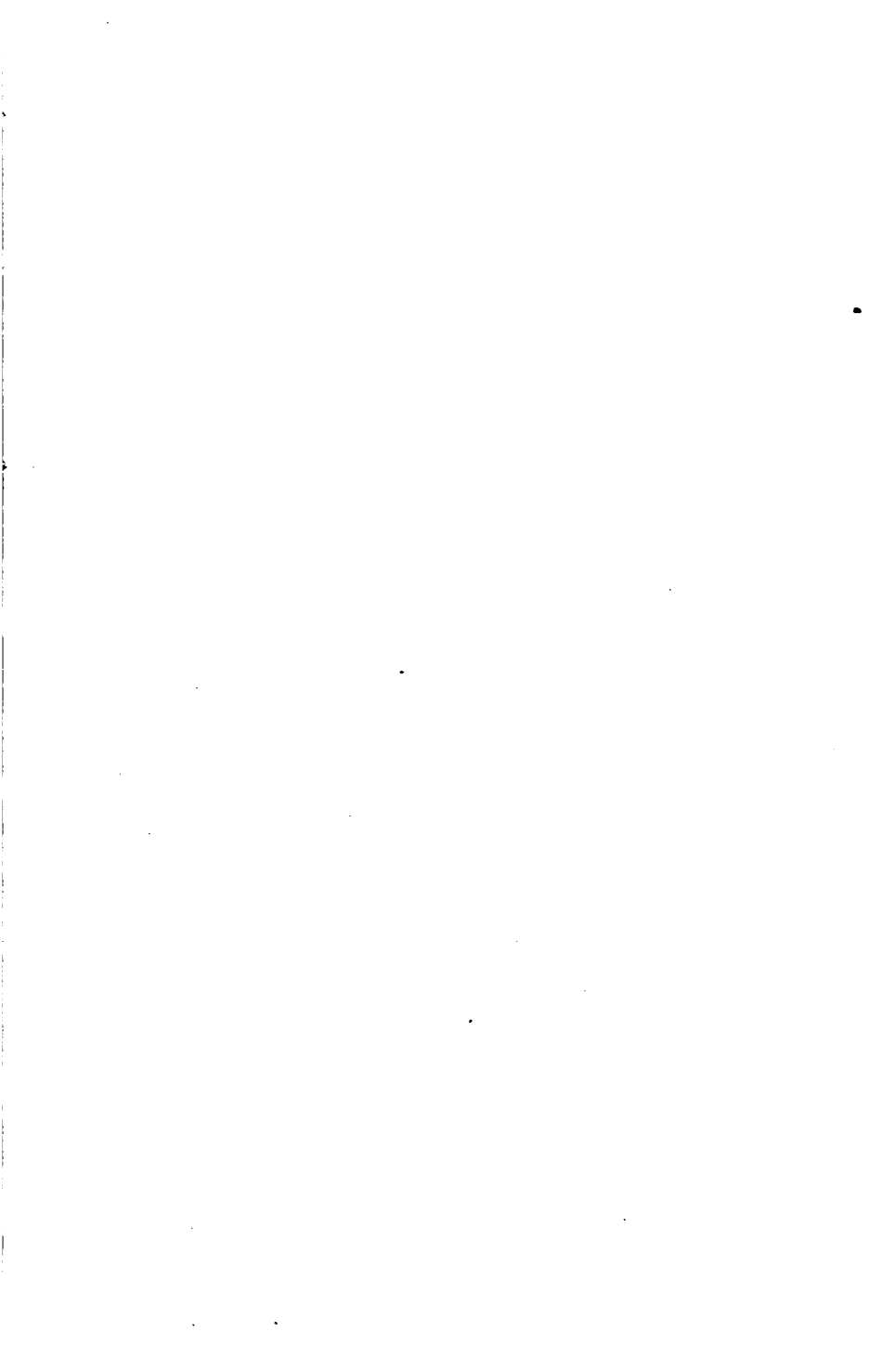
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.



Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent







THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !
“Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismay’d ?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.





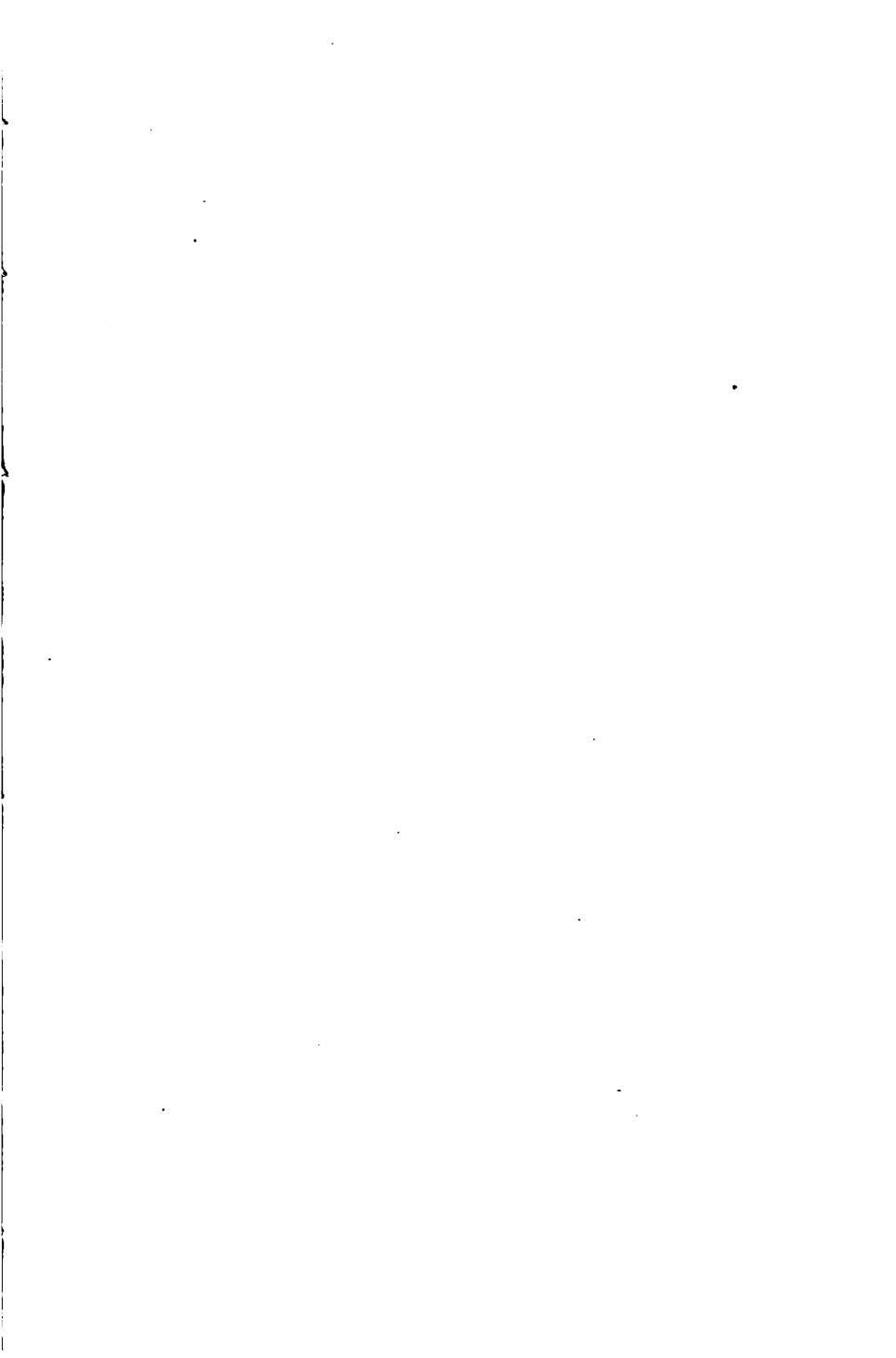


Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :

Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.



Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!



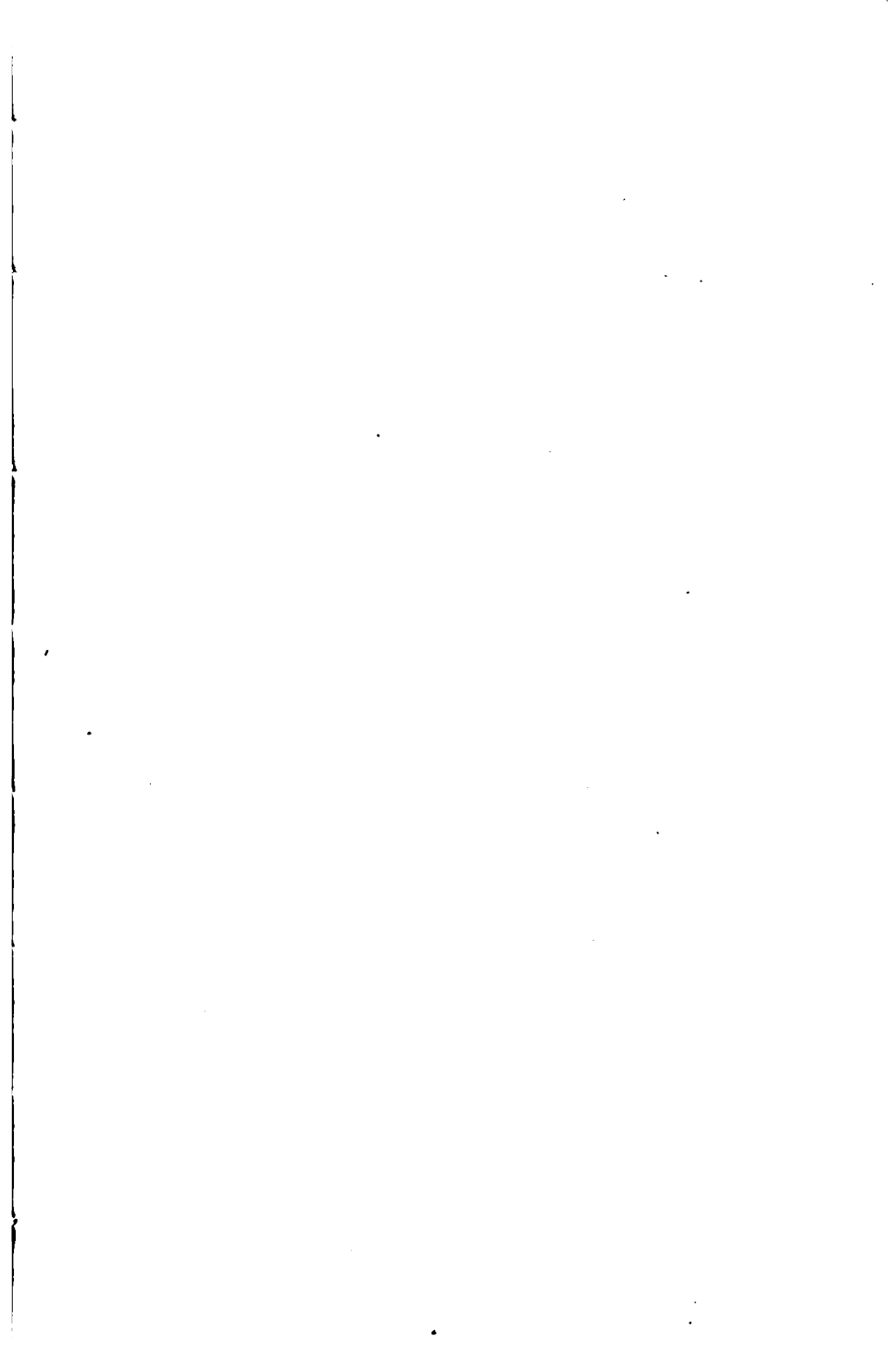


ON THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

AN ODE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.





By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.



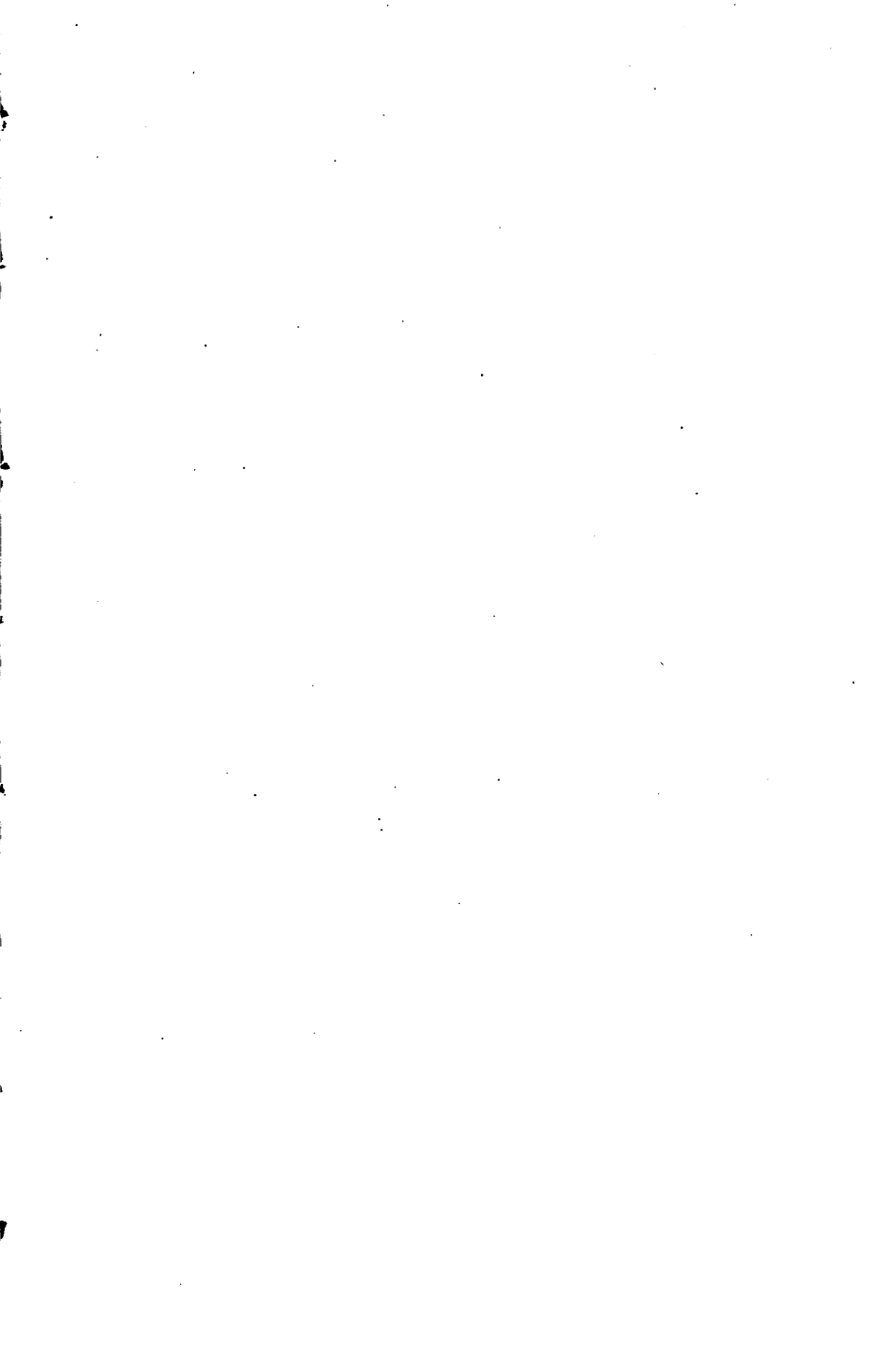


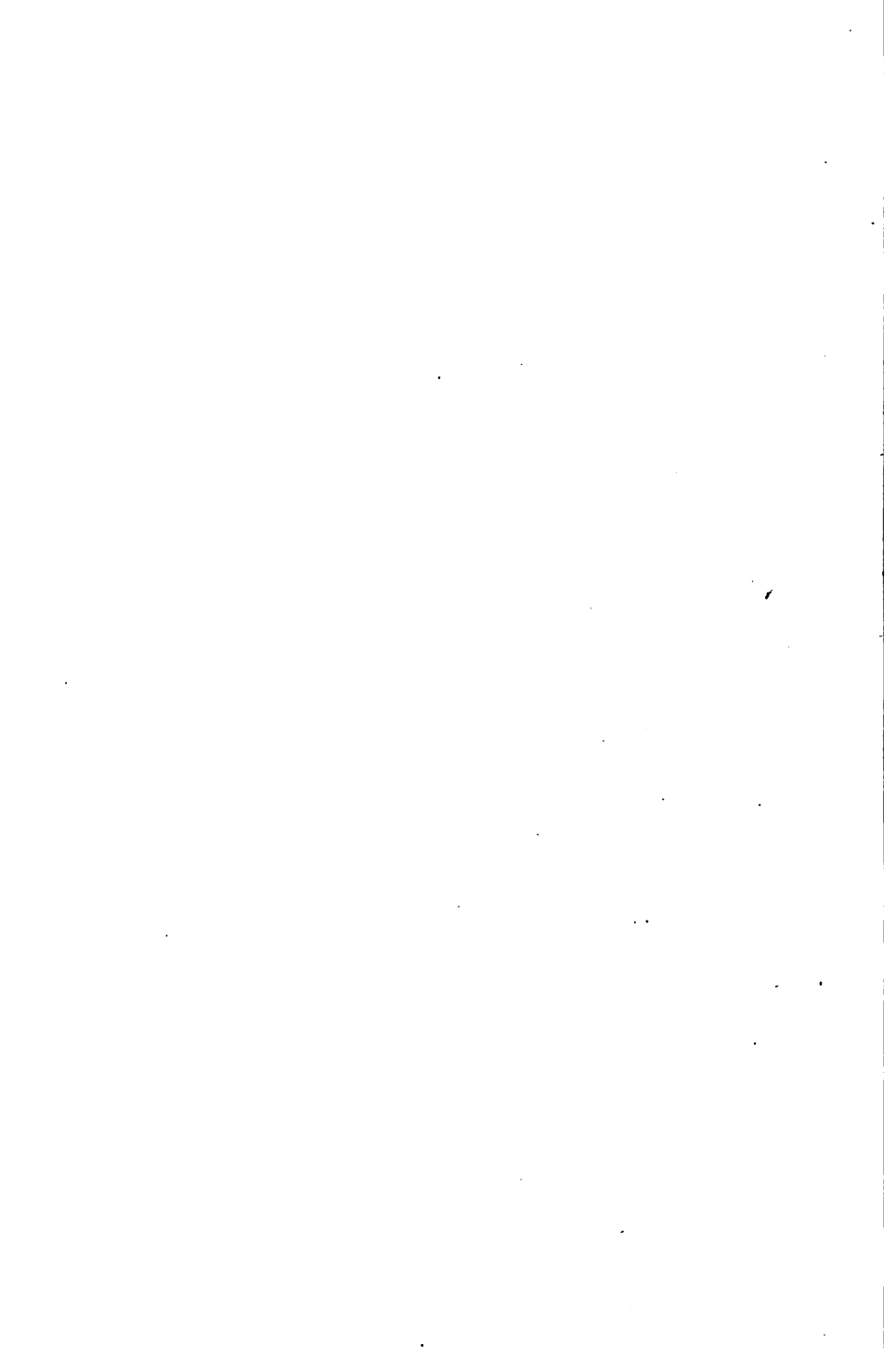
THE JOY-BELL AND THE REQUIEM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

RING the joy-bells, chime on chime!
Sound the peal from shore to shore!
Steadfast, dauntless, and sublime,
England conquers as of yore!





And let the people's voice
O'er all the land rejoice,
That in the great immortal fight,
The glorious living and the dead,
For Freedom arm'd, for Justice bled,
And conquer'd in the right.

II.

Sound the requiem, loud and clear!
England weeps her children slain,
Mourns, with sympathy sincere,
Heroes lost, but not in vain.
And let the solemn peal
A nation's grief reveal;—
Yet, be the tears of sorrow dried;—
We owe their babes a glorious debt;
And grief is vain, if it forget
The claims of those who died.

III.

Ring the joy-bells, light the blaze!
And let the deep-voiced cannon roar!
Join all hands in prayer and praise,
England conquers as of yore!
On red Oppression's grave
She liberates the slave;—
She aids the weak, she curbs the strong;
She arms;—and hopeful nations pray!—
She arms—she fights—she wins the day!
And Right succeeds to Wrong!

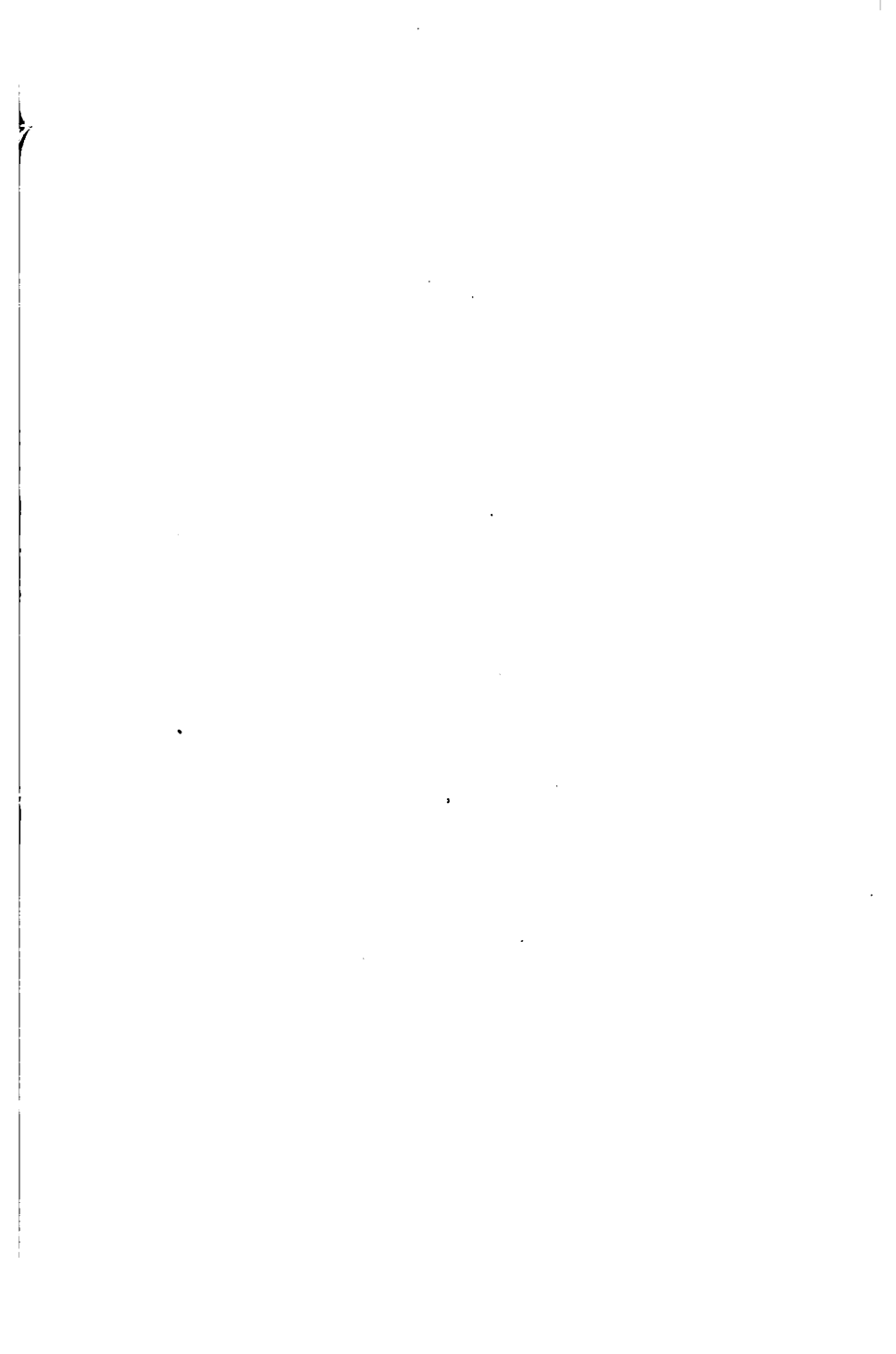
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

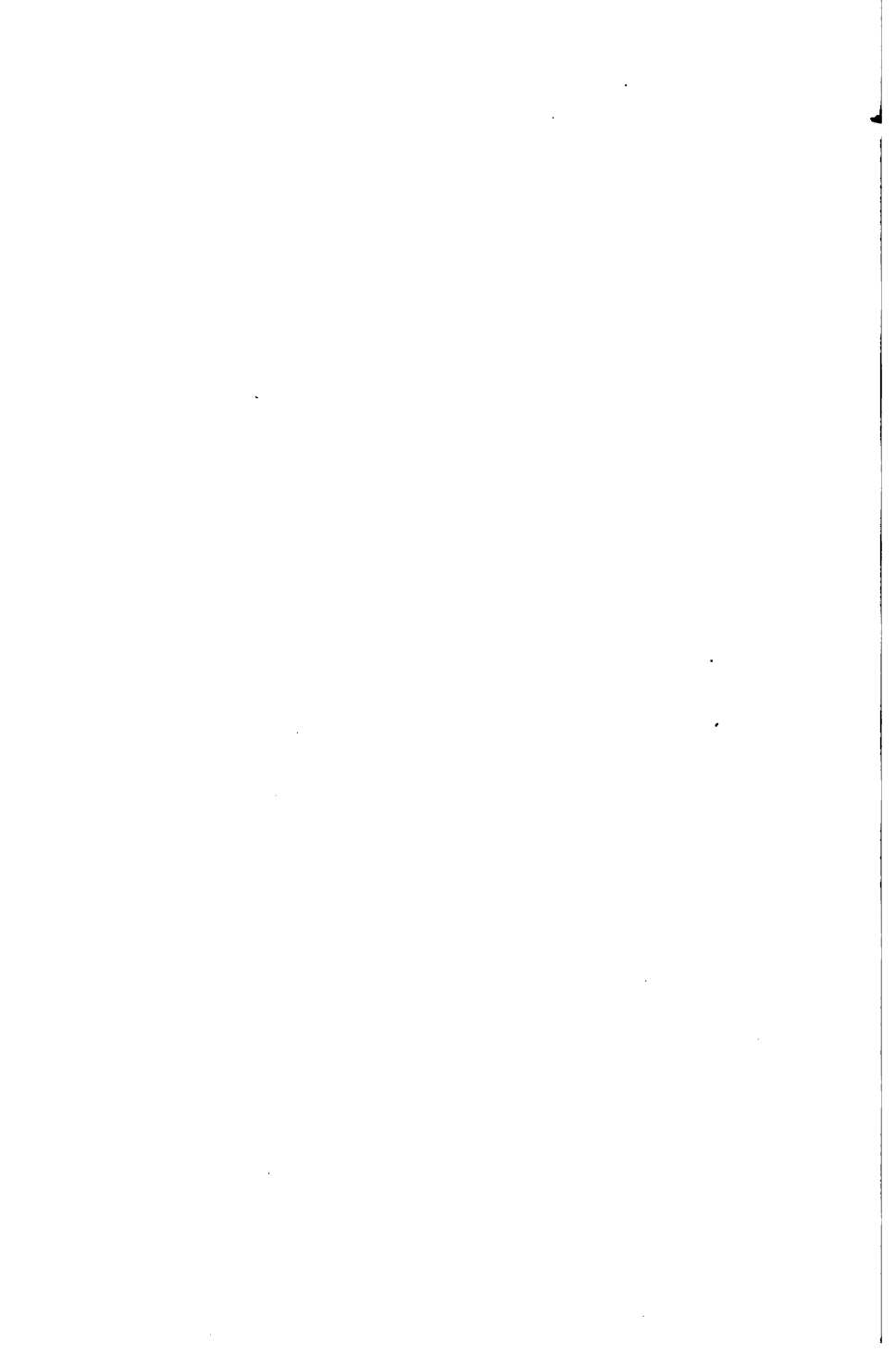
BY ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerily did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That pleased my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn
Where Nancy aft I courted;







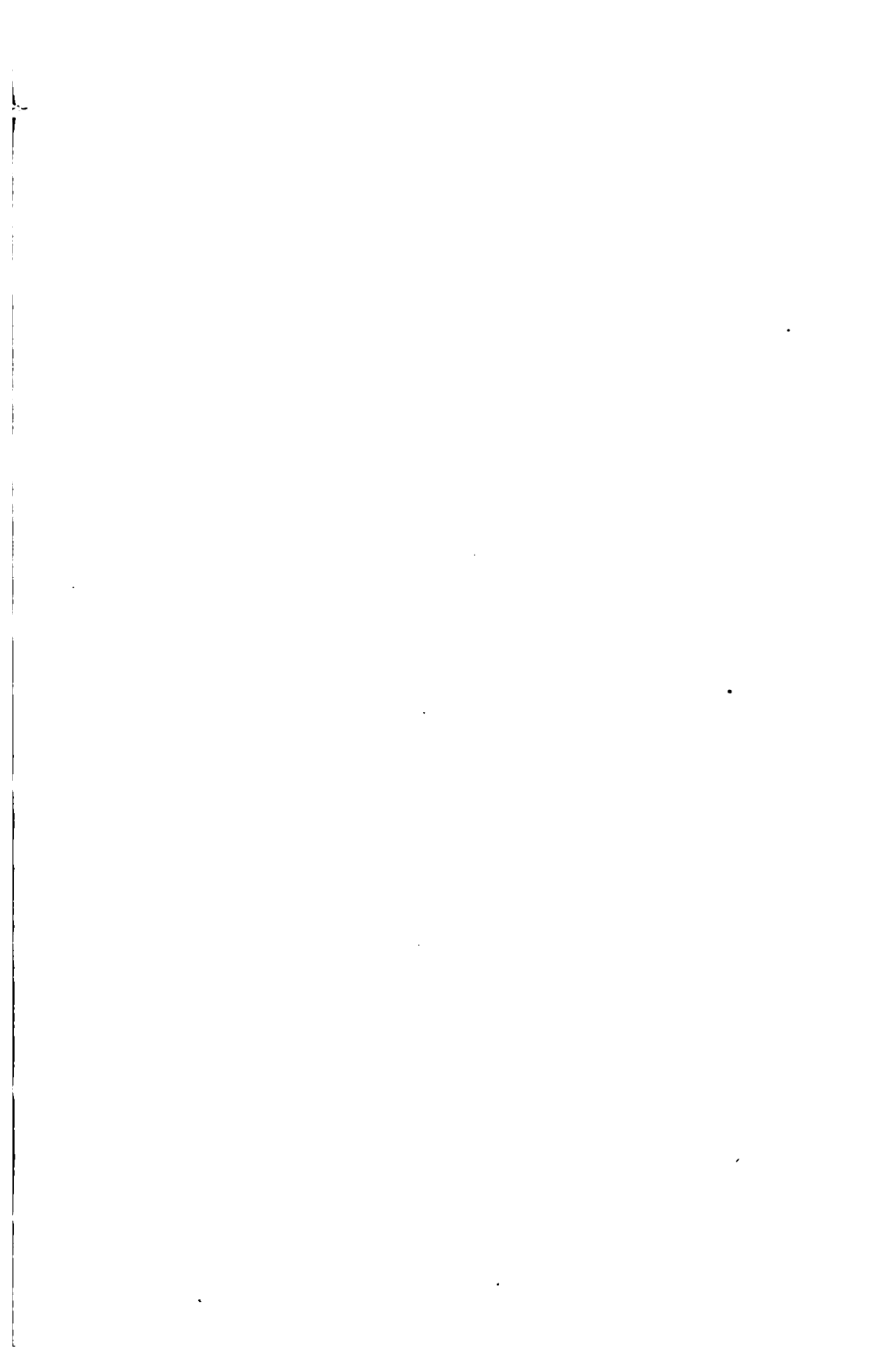
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!—
I turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh, happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang,—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never;
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't!"

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily!
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love;
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted."

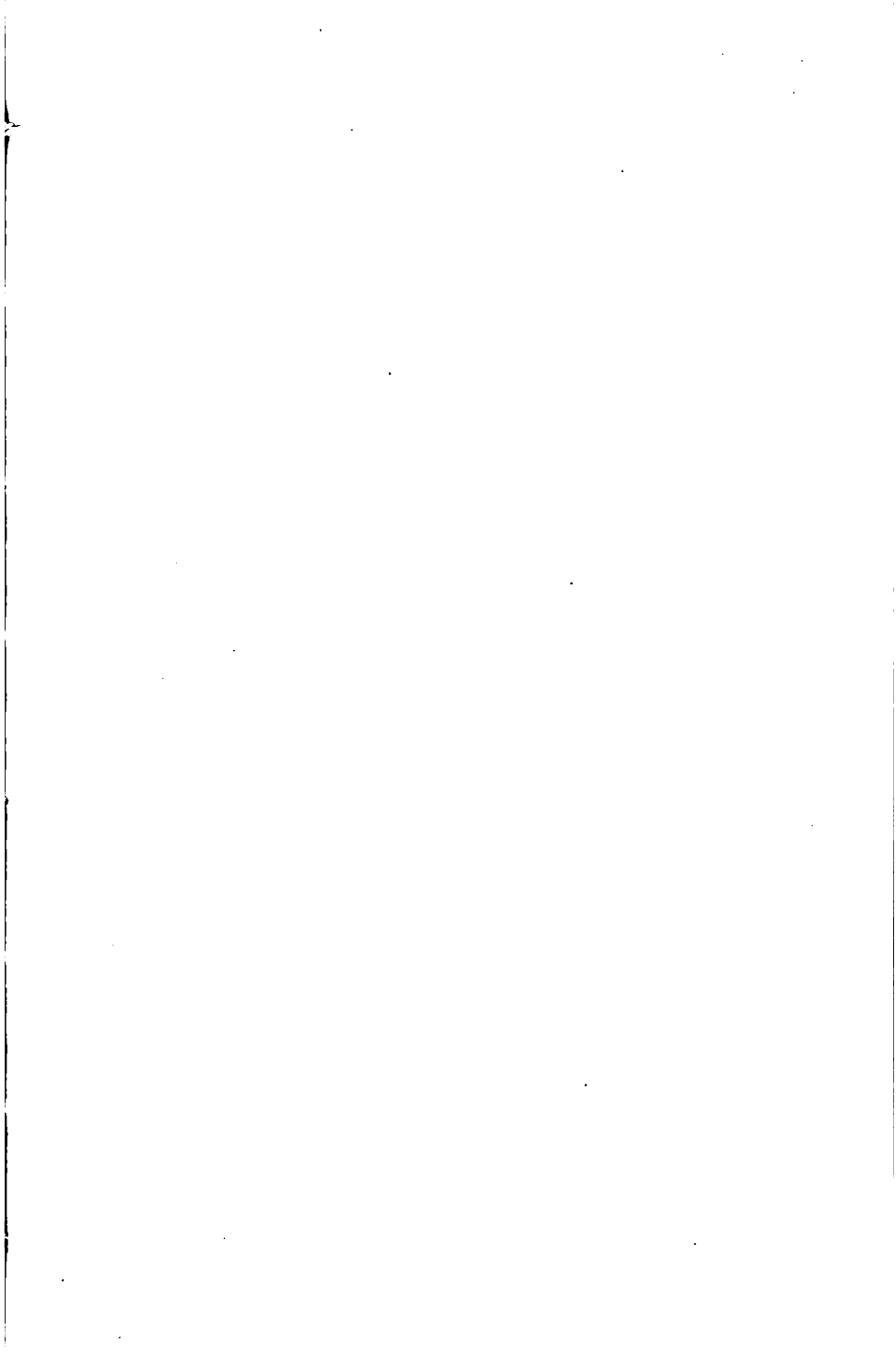


Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.











I.

The Soldier's Dream was written in Germany, in the year 1800, shortly after a battle between the French and Austrians, near Ratisbon, of which Campbell was a spectator. He thus refers to the scene—"Seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field, or what was worse, seeing them in the act of dying, were so horrible to my memory, that I studied to banish them. At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awoke from nightmare, dreaming about these dreadful images." The poem was not published till the spring of 1804.

II.

The Battle of the Baltic was written in the year 1805, but did not appear till 1808, when it was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. It was immediately set to music, and was sung by the principal vocalists on every possible occasion.

Riou, "the gallant and the good," as Lord Nelson styled him in his despatches, was Captain of the *Amazon* frigate. He was cut in two by a shot.

III.

The Ode on *The Burial of Sir John Moore* was first published in Curriek's *Morning Post*, in 1815, with the signature "W. C." It has been ascribed to various authors, but there can be no doubt of its having been written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe: a letter, addressed by Wolfe to John Taylor, Esq., at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's, Clonoulty, Cashel, in which he says, "I have completed the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and will here inflict it upon you," and which contains the Ode, is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy.

IV.

Ye Mariners of England is, perhaps, the most celebrated lyric in the English language. Washington Irving speaks of "this exquisite gem," and the "Battle of the Baltic," as two of the noblest songs ever written. It was composed at Altona, when Campbell was but twenty-three years of age, and appeared first in the *Morning Chronicle* with the title, "Alteration of the old

ballad, 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian War;" it was signed "Amator Patriæ."

V.

The often-quoted stanzas, entitled *The Night before Waterloo*, are from the Third Canto of "Childe Harold." Sir Walter Scott says, "I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigour and in feeling, this most beautiful description."

On the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the Duke of Wellington and his general officers attended; among the company was the Duke of Brunswick, who fell next day.

The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the old forest of Ardennes.

VI.

The Charge of the Light Brigade is included in this little volume by the kind permission of the Poet Laureate. It was written immediately after the battle of Balaclava, and first appeared in the *Examiner*, under the initials A. T. It was afterwards printed on a sheet with this note:—

"Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my Ballad on the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I have heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the Ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them.

"8th August, 1855.

"ALFRED TENNYSON."

VII.

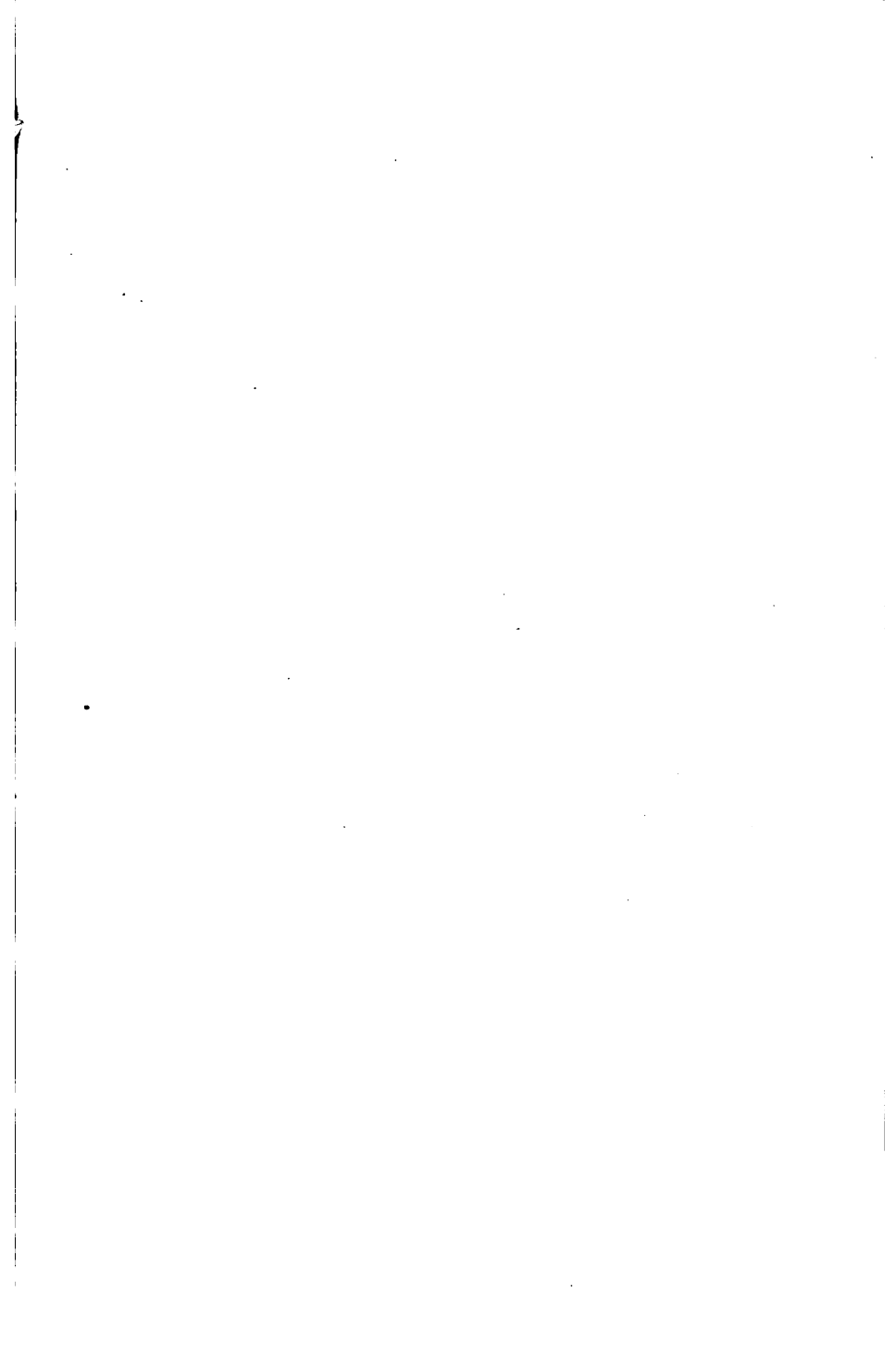
The Ode On the Death of the Brave was written in the beginning of the year 1746, in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country in the Scotch Rebellion.

VIII.

The Joy-bell and the Requiem is one of Charles Mackay's "spirited Songs, and is included in our collection by the Author's kind permission.

IX.

When wild War's deadly blast was blown is one of Burns' honest, homely ditties, that appeals to every heart,—chosen as an appropriate conclusion to "Songs of the Brave."



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